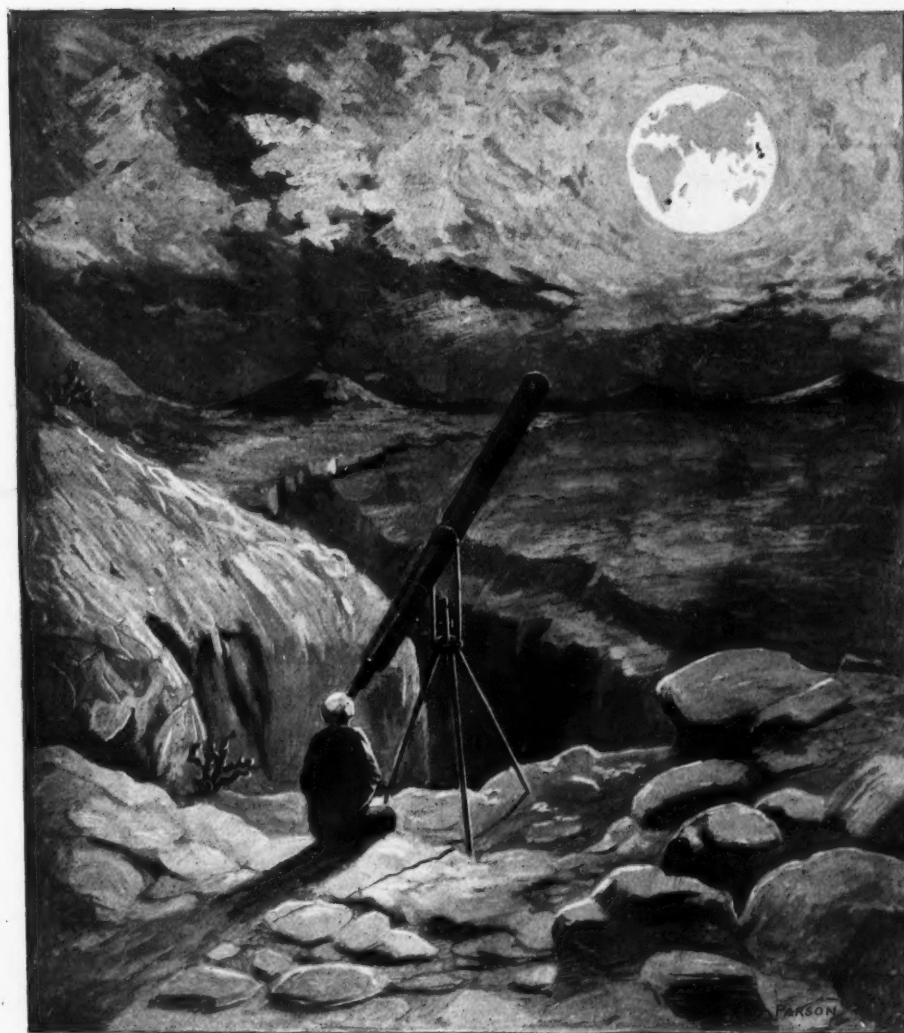


Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1900, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



AS OTHERS SEE US.

Dentzen of the Moon: I DEDUCE THAT THE BLACK SPOTS ARE VAST ENGINEERING ENTERPRISES LIKE THE MARTIAN CANALS, AND THAT THE INHABITANTS DEVOTE THEMSELVES TO PEACE AND PROGRESS.



· LIFE ·

THE RACE TRACK BY THE SEA.

6 Events
Every Day
Until
August 8.

BRIGHTON RACES

Music by
Lander's
Military
Band.

ALL CONEY ISLAND ROUTES LEAD TO BRIGHTON

SPARKLING PROGRAMMES OF STAKE, HANDICAP AND PURSE CONTESTS.

STAKE EVENTS.

Thursday, July 12,
THE NAUTILUS, 3 year olds
Saturday, July 14,
THE VENUS, of \$3,000, fillies, 2 year olds
THE PUNCESTOWN STEEPLECHASE
Tuesday, July 17,
THE TEST HANDICAP, 3 year olds and upward
Wednesday, July 18,
THE BABYLON, 3 year olds
Thursday, July 19,
THE ATLANTIC, 2 year olds

Saturday, July 21,
THE SEAGATE, 3 year olds
THE UNDERGRADUATE, 2 year olds
Tuesday, July 24,
THE SPINSTER, fillies, 2 years old
Wednesday, July 25,
THE ISLIP, 3 year olds and upward
Thursday, July 26,
THE SEA GULL HANDICAP, 3 year olds

Saturday, July 28,
THE NEPTUNE, of \$5,000, 2 year olds
THE PECONIC, 3 year olds
Tuesday, July 31,
THE DISTAFF, fillies, 2 year olds
THE FLIGHT HANDICAP, 3 year olds and upward
Wednesday, August 1,
TEE SEA CLIFF, 3 year olds and upward
Thursday, August 2,
THE GLEN COVE, 3 year olds
THE RISING GENERATION, 2 year olds

Saturday, August 4, THE BRIGHTON CUP, probable value, \$10,000, 3 year olds and upward, 2 1/4 miles
THE ELECTRIC HANDICAP, fillies, 2 year olds

Monday, August 6,
THE WINGED FOOT HANDICAP, 2 year olds

Tuesday, August 7,
THE BRIGHTON JUNIOR, of \$10,000, 3 year olds
THE CHANTILLY HURDLE HANDICAP, 3 year olds and upward

Wednesday, August 8,
THE JAMAICA, 3 year olds and upward

Membership or Subscription Badges for the Meeting May Be Obtained by Addressing
BRIGHTON BEACH RACING ASSOCIATION, CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.



Copyright, 1899, by Life Publishing Co.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

We publish a full and complete line of "Japan Proofs" of all the choice and popular subjects of this well-known artist.

These proofs are printed on Japan paper, mounted and matted ready for framing. Size, 15x20.

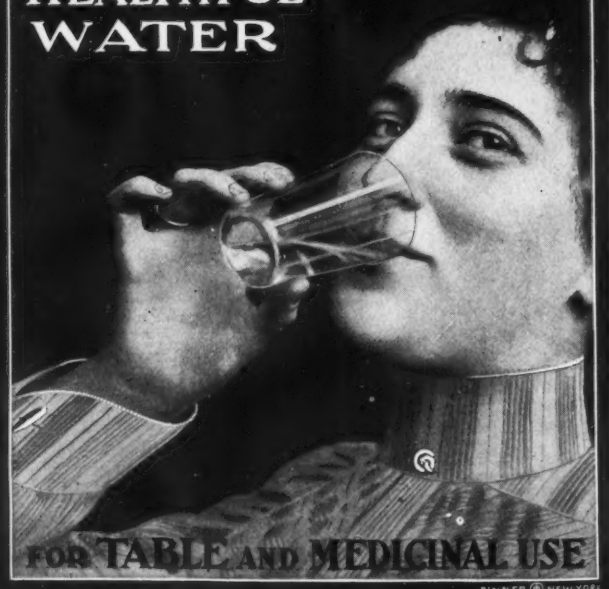
PRICE \$2.00. SEND 10 CENTS FOR CATALOGUE.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 West Thirty-First Street, N. Y.

Londonderry

LITHIA WATER

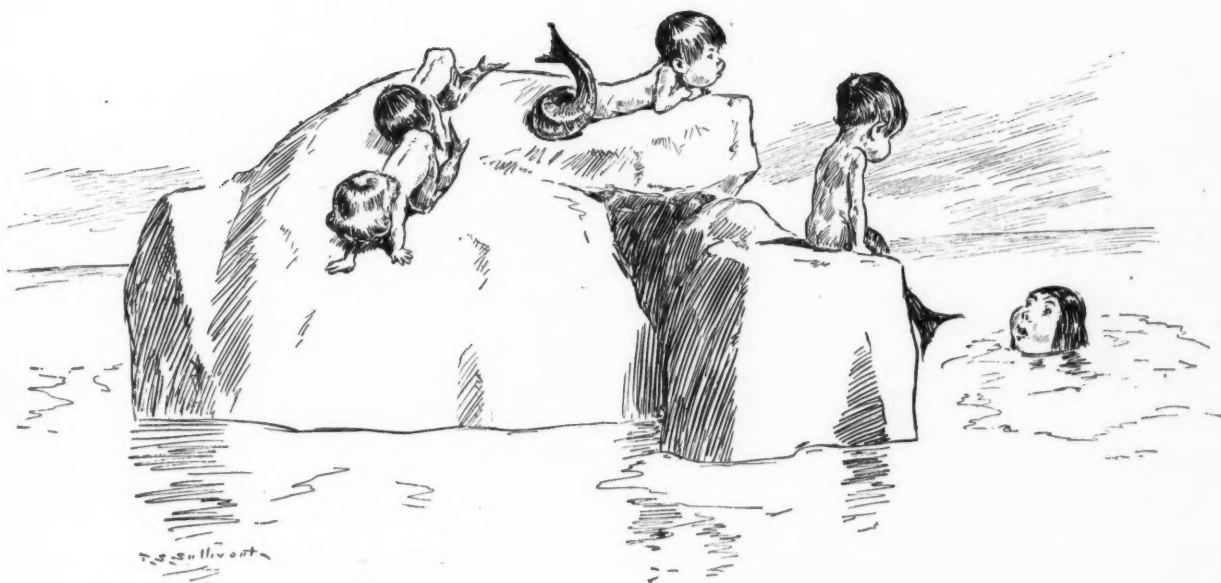
A PURE
SPARKLING
HEALTHFUL
WATER



FOR TABLE AND MEDICINAL USE

COPYRIGHT FOR GREAT BRITAIN BY JAMES HENDERSON
UNDER THE ACT OF 1891

LIFE



Mamma Mermaid: GOODNESS GRACIOUS, CHILDREN! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PLAYING OUT THERE IN THE AIR? YOU'LL GET YOUR TAILS DRY AND CATCH YOUR DEATH O' COLD. COME UNDER THE WATER AT ONCE!

Cupid's Guesswork.

A MISUNDERSTANDING by nothing was wrought—
He thought that she thought—and she thought that he thought—.

Well!

THESE bold words with a wicked sound are from *The Schoolmaster*:

The clergyman who cannot climb above his creed is a machine Christian and takes his orders from the boss—just like any other politician. There are no creeds in the scheme of salvation. What a ridiculous notion that no man can go to heaven without the permission of some syndicate of hypocritical jackasses who presume to have a monopoly of God's mercy, as though heaven was some theatre, and all the seats were sold in advance to a lot of holy speculators.

We have often heard something to this effect, but never in just these words.

An Able Advocate.

BROADWAY: Since going to England Choate has apparently lost his wit. To judge from his public utterances, he is becoming stupid.

MANHATTAN: That merely shows the wonderful adaptability of the man.

AFTER all, is a man so very domestic who spends his evenings at home so that he can keep up his quarrels with his wife?



Fire Fly: WELL, I'LL NEVER GET ARRESTED FOR NOT CARRYING A LIGHT.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVI. JULY 12, 1900. No. 922.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

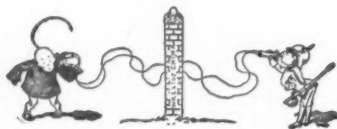
The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



THE Boxers, in so far as China alone is concerned, seem to be rather a praiseworthy lot of men. Their idea is China for the Chinese, and that in itself is a good idea for Chinamen to hold. They won't work out their idea intelligently of course. They will do a lot of killing and other mischief: they will try to shut all the open doors and pitch foreigners and foreign notions out of China. They are fanatics, and represent ignorance and superstition, but they also represent the strenuous life and reform. They are a sign of life in the Chinese people. Dead people don't have diseases, neither do dead nations. The Boxers have broken out on China like the measles, and their uprising means, among other things, that China isn't dead yet. There was ample occasion for them. Little as most of us know about the Imperial Government of China, we think we know that it is a government of conspiracies, moribund, inefficient, unworthy; hopelessly bad and hopelessly feeble. For years past it has seemed bound to go down, and the only question has been how, and when, it would go. That question the Boxers seem to be answering. The ferment in China, of which they are the most conspicuous part, is the sort of smash that precedes reorganization.

The smash will doubtless include the Boxers who brought it on, but the reorganization is inevitable, and in the end it must lead to the modernizing of the Chinese. China needs strong medicine, and the more she gets from the inside, the less work there will be left to be effected by external applications.



THE persons who are supplying the world with the present serial story of Chinese doings have been wonderfully successful in keeping up public interest in their tale by emphasizing the mystery of it. At this writing it has been running something more than a fortnight, with huge rumblings and incessant rumors, and all we know of what has happened would hardly fill six lines of newspaper. Admiral Seymour went to Peking and did not arrive, but was brought back with difficulty, with several hundred of his men killed or wounded. When we see the Major, and Colonel Hay, and Lord Salisbury, and the Emperor William, standing day after day at the telephone ringing up the Boxers, or anyone in China who is not busy; and when we observe that the Boxers pay no attention, and that everyone in China who knows anything seems too much engaged to satisfy our reasonable curiosity, we cannot but be impressed with the engrossing quality of incidents which no one who is watching them finds leisure to describe.



LET us believe as much as we can in the prospect of improved relations with the Filipinos. We are told that General MacArthur has offered amnesty to all the fighting Tagals and that some of their chiefs have been considering terms of surrender. The prospect that fighting will cease is not

yet good, of course; but it is better than usual. The point of most difficulty in arranging for peace seems to be the disposition to be made of the friars. We are told that the insurgents, and the Filipinos generally, want the friars expelled. The hitch about expelling them is something in the treaty with Spain that binds us to respect property rights, for the friars are holders of a vast deal of property in the Philippines. No doubt we shall honor our treaty obligations. But if we ever get to a point where the friars alone stand between us and terms of amity with the Filipinos, it cannot be doubted that the holy men will recognize that the position that they occupy is perilous to themselves as well as detrimental to the interests of the country, and that their diplomacy, combined with ours, will discover some satisfactory way to get them out of it.



NOW that Julian Ralph has got back to London where the ink and pens are good and meals are regular, he is writing very edifying things about the South African war. There was a time when he applied himself to upholding the glorious justice of the English cause, and the defects of the Boers, but nowadays the burden of his cry is the vileness of war as an occupation, especially in South Africa. He can't say bad enough things about the job of fighting Boers, and he says them, as usual, in a very interesting way.

One thing he has said lately is that the average British officer is an amateur, brave and dutiful, but not really skilled in his business. He knows polo, cricket, hunting and the races, but not war. War interests him as a form of sport, but he doesn't work at it as men work at the profession in which they expect to win or bust.

It is a sad conclusion. If men who love pleasure and hate headwork don't make even efficient military officers, then is there no escape from working for what you get in this world.

A Pessimistic Version.

LIVES of great men all remind us
That there isn't any doubt
Footprints that *we* leave behind us
Will be very soon washed out.

The Wedding.

MARRIAGES are sometimes affairs of the heart: weddings of the pocketbook. Marriages are popularly supposed to be made in heaven, but the wedding bills are paid on earth—first, by the bride's father, and often afterward by the same. This depends upon how much money he has and how much nerve the bridegroom has.

The annals of time have failed to preserve a record of the first wedding. There can be no doubt, however, that it was held in a cave, and that papa paid the freight.

Weddings are of two kinds—the kind where the groom wants a quiet wedding and doesn't get it, and where the bride wants an unquiet wedding and gets it. By an unquiet wedding is meant one that speaks for itself.

The ideas of a bride and bridegroom differ about weddings. The Desert of Sahara, the Gulf of Mexico and the



"WHAT IS IT? WHY, IT'S WHAT TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT THE DAWG SHOW!"



on that feeling of utter insignificance which afterwards is trained into second nature, the bride is pluming herself for the coming display. While the mind of any bride is not likely to be systematic, still she naturally divides her wedding into four periods: The Trousseau, The Present, The Actual Day and The Wedding

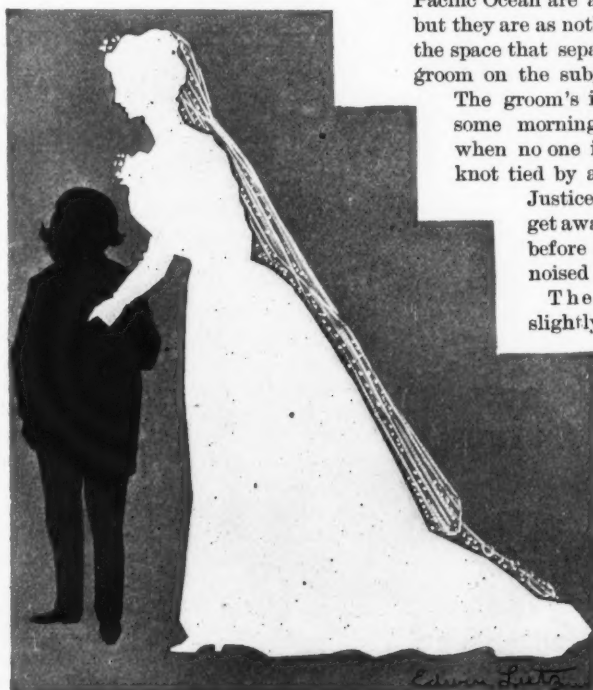
Trip periods. The only time she does penance is during the Trousseau Period when she is at the mercy of the dress-maker, but the rest of the time she is the only real object of interest to friends and enemies alike.

The only period during which the groom is recognized is when, after the ceremony, the old man takes him aside and whispers that, in his humble opinion, it is all "d—n nonsense!"

While weddings are usually held in churches where the bride, assisted by the man who has been waiting for months to get it over with, is married by a clergyman, this is not always the case. Where the "parties" have been married once before—not to each other, but to some one else—the ceremony may be performed by a Justice of the Peace, or a clergyman who has been awakened suddenly in the dead of night. This is none the less a social function nowadays, if the people are leaders and divorced.

As a rule, weddings are sadder than funerals—one never knows for sure what will happen afterwards.

Tom Masson.



MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCES.

Pacific Ocean are all reasonably wide, but they are as nothing compared with the space that separates the bride and groom on the subject of a wedding.

The groom's idea is to sneak off some morning before daybreak, when no one is up, and have the knot tied by a quiet and orderly Justice of the Peace, and get away on an early train before the affair has been noised abroad.

The bride's idea is slightly different. She likes to begin early just as the groom does—but about three months earlier. And if her mind is a total blank on any one subject, it is on the lilies of the field. While the bridegroom is keeping himself under cover, avoiding his club, and beginning to take



AT LIFE'S FARM.

SUNDAY IN THE TENT. LISTENING TO THE PHONOGRAPH.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,454.91
R. L.....	5.00
In Memory of Little Jean.....	6.00
Miss Ellen Frothingham.....	10.00
C. E.....	50.00
Jack Lee Merrill.....	5.00
A Well Wisher.....	3.00
M. W. Johnson, Denver.....	25.00
Cash A. F.....	25.00
M. O. W.....	10.00
Jinks.....	10.00
S. L. S.....	5.00
S. B. S., Jr.....	5.00
In Memory of E. K. D.....	1.00
Buster, Sunnyside, Binghamton.....	3.00
Diligent Few.....	15.00
S. A., of Dayton.....	3.00
H. C.....	2.50
The Woods.....	10.00
C. O. L.....	6.00
L. A. Shaffer.....	10.00
From Ned and George.....	20.00
A. W. C.....	50.00
Mrs. W. A. Rust.....	3.00
J. S. H., Plymouth, Mass.....	6.00

\$1,743.41

To Life's Readers.

LIFE invites the attention of its readers to a careful perusal of "The Latest Books," a department which is now a regular feature of the paper.

Under this heading will be found the titles of the most important books that have been recently published, in all branches of reading which appeal to the broadest intelligence. Identified with each title are a few words of information which tell whether a book is good, bad or indifferent—in brief, whether it is worth reading.

The Editor has been led to incorporate this as a regular feature of LIFE

from a conviction that few papers give to the reader the kind of information about a book that he most desires. Columns of book reviews, many of them reprints of circulars sent out by the publishers, are printed in the daily press, and literary periodicals teem with long-winded disquisitions. But the simple information as to whether a book is worth reading or not—which is all anyone cares to know—is generally withheld. It is as important, if not more so, to know what to avoid as what to select.

"The Latest Books" will be found an intelligent guide, which the readers of LIFE may follow confidently with the best results.

The Latest Books.

The Passing of Thomas. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

These little stories are delightful reading, and are full of that charming humor which Mr. Janvier knows so well how to infuse into his work.

Spencer and Spencerism. By Hector Macpherson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

In the first fifty pages the reader feels as though he were being taken through the entire philosophical field in an automobile at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The remaining pages are devoted to an exposition of Spencerism, lucid, interesting and instructive. We detect a slight Boswell touch here and there, and there seems no need on the author's part of so strenuously defending Mr. Spencer's alleged materialism. As a whole the book is extremely well done.

Voices In The Night. By Mrs. Steel. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Not so stirring a story as Mrs. Steel's "On the Face of the Waters," and made difficult reading by the author's assumption that every one is familiar with the institu-



"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR, DON'T BE AFRAID. MY HORSE WON'T SHY."



CLOSE TO THE MILLION DOLLAR MARK.

tions and language of India. The book deals largely with the influence of British rule on the mental development of young India.

An Unsocial Socialist. By G. Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

Mr. Shaw has created a set of characters only one of which has a single attractive quality, and that is a childish vivacity which is soon lost. His book is neither entertaining nor instructive, and we are at a loss to understand his desire for a new edition of it after so many years.

he Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. By Mark Twain. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

This volume brings together in book form the stories and essays published by Mark Twain during the past three years in the magazines. They are well worthy of the more permanent form thus given them.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Second Froggy Fairy Book. By Anthony F. Drexel Biddle. New York: Drexel Biddle.

Widow Magoogin. By John J. Jennings. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

A Book of Verses. By Robert Loveman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Not Free Silver.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.,
June 23, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: I would like very much to hear your explanation of why you are going to support McKinley for President, while denouncing his imperial policy.

Which do you consider the worst, the abandonment of the Constitution and all the principles that have made us the greatest nation on earth, or free silver, a thing which we always had prior to 1873? Will you please answer through your paper?

Yours respectfully,
R. U. BOYLE.

WE are not going to support Mr. McKinley—nor Mr. Bryan. We are not going to support Imperialism or free silver. The issue of this campaign is Imperialism. The election of Mr. Bryan would not mean free silver. He could not force it upon the country if he tried. Congress is for gold, and will so remain.

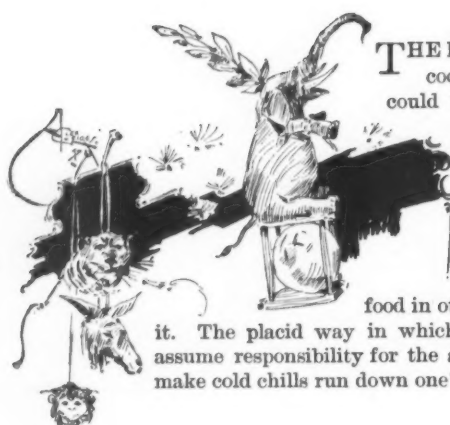
Mr. McKinley's re-election—especially with Mr. Roosevelt at his elbow, would promise a prolonged and bloody orgie of Imperialism—that is, of conquest, debt and dishonor.

As to the two candidates personally, we prefer Mr. Bryan. He has convictions—such as they are—and he carries a spine.

THE AUTHOR: I wish I had time enough to write a good book.

HIS FRIEND: Why not take it?

"Can't afford to. I am too busy writing successful ones."



A Modest Claim.

THE hot weather has come, and anything cool and calm is refreshing. Nothing could be more cool and calm than the Republican party's claim to the responsibility for our national prosperity. The divine forces of nature which cause the rain to fall, the seed to sprout, and the crops to grow on our side of the ocean, and which cause dearth of food in other lands, have nothing to do with it. The placid way in which Mr. McKinley and his advocates assume responsibility for the acts of Providence is calculated to make cold chills run down one's spine on the hottest of July days.

The Civilizer Is At It.

THE wicked Boers being conquered, the next step is to show them, in as many ways as possible, the moral superiority of the conquerors. This is easy. The following item tells us the good work is well under way:

AMSTERDAM, June 22.—The Netherlands Rail road Company of South Africa has received official notification of the expulsion from the Transvaal of fourteen hundred of its employees, with their families.

And yet nations exist with ignorance so dense as to entertain a prejudice against the Anglo-Saxon.



The Prince of the Masquerade.

I.
THE Devil was dying of ennui;
So he sauntered forth from his den,
And he came by the Springs of Mundane
Things,
And gazed on the Sons of Men.

II.
And he sighed at the Century's ending,
For he saw the world at peace;
Then he cried, "Alack! have I lost my
knack?
"These piping times must cease."

III.
So he filched a Moralists' mantle,
And went on in his jaunty course,
In his raiment fine, with the air benign
Of a Civilizing Force.

IV.
First he whispered a word to the Statesman:
"Quick, out with thy idle knife!
"Else the People, thy trust, will in harness
rust;
"Go, preach them the Strenuous Life!"

V.
Of a people that lived in quiet,
The Devil demurely spoke:
"Go, Benevolent Man, to that Primitive
Clan,
"And Assimilate those folk."

VI.
And the Statesman sprang, at the summons,
And donned his warrior's coat;
Cried the Devil, "Hurrah!" as each man
he saw
With his hand at his neighbor's throat.

VII.

And straightway the Prophets of Progress
Joined piously in the din;
And the Devil cried, "See! These My
Ministers be,
"And this is My Chamberlain!"

VIII.

He slyly spake to the Rulers:
"Is your ancient valour cold?"
And the seas grew black where the War-
Ship's track
Made straight for the shores of gold;

IX.

Till the world was filled with mourning,
As they called for more and more;
And men held their breath as the pallid
Death
Rode proud in the van of War:

X.

Which so vastly amused the Devil,
That the tears ran down his face,
And he wagged his tail, as Men cried
"Hail!
"Make way for the Dominant Race!"

XI.

The Devil slipped into the Pulpit:
"Tis the spread of the Cross!" he hissed;
And the Priest with a nod asked the blessing
of God
On the March of the Sanctified Fist.

XII.

With the voice of the People's Teachers,
The Devil disguised himself;
"Hurrah!" it rang, as the bullets sang,
"For Destiny, Duty and Pelf!"

XIII.

He laughed as the Backward Nations
Dropt into the Conqueror's maw;
And he chuckled long at the Poet's song
Of "The Spread of Christ's Word and
Law."

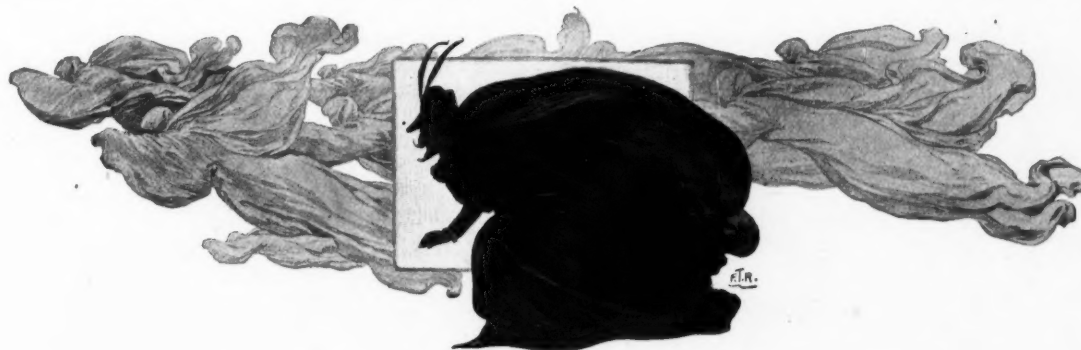
XIV.

And he shook his sides as he watched them,
Nor once did his soft laugh cease,
As the Dominant Race ran its ghastly pace
In the Name of the Prince of Peace.

XV.

So the Devil went back to his study:
Quoth he, with a wink and a nod:
"Sure, the true way still to do My Will
"Is to call it the Work of God!"

M'Cready Sykes.



Literary Personals.



A HIGH JUMPER.

UPON his return from South Africa, Rudyard Kipling will satisfy a long-felt craving and pay a protracted visit to Richard Le Gallienne. Since Mr. Le Gallienne has written his book on Kipling, he is said to have expressed a burning desire to know something about that author.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck is writing an article about himself, which will take up an entire number of a forthcoming *Bookman*. It is to be hoped that a supplement may appear to this number, containing what others think of Professor Peck.

Mr. Howells is writing a new novel of American medium life, which will be four hundred pages longer than any he has previously

written, and will be issued in sixteen volumes. The action takes place during the entire period of one forenoon, and everything that happens during that forenoon will be faithfully set down. To help the reader, there will be a full index of conversations issued with each volume, without extra charge.

Mr. Winston Churchill is walking through Virginia on stilts, scraping off local color for a new historical novel, which he will publish very soon. Many readers will rejoice to know that Mr. Churchill has an entirely new character in this book, George Washington being introduced to the public for the first time in American literature.

Hall Caine has been on his Isle of Man estate since early spring, personally supervising the harvesting of a new crop of whiskers, which are said to be more luxuriant than ever. He offers choice cuts to young English authors at low prices, the stimulation due to the grafting of this type of adornment being very wonderful. It is confidently believed that, from their intelligent use, in two months' time a fairly good American lecturer can be produced.

J. M. Barrie, the eminent author, has in hand an elaborate article for *Scribner's Magazine* entitled, "Why I Am the Most Overrated Scotchman Writing for American Readers."



Copyright, 1900, by Life Publishing Co

ADVICE TO STUDENTS
BE READ TO. IT SAVES THE EYES

LIFE .



ADVICE TO STUDENTS.
IT SAVES THE EYES FOR BETTER THINGS.

English in England.

"FIVE guineas down," said Dr. Leigh,
 "Will be my bill," to Mrs. Knollys;
 "It surely is a moderate feigh
 For cutting off a dozen molls!"
 But neither rhyme nor reason weigh
 With niggard patients such as sheigh,
 So vulgar passion made her seigh,
 "I'll seigh you sooner in the seigh!"

William Lincoln Balch.

The American Stomach.



AMERICAN digestion is a triumph of evolution. The foods that in the effete stomachs of Europe produce dyspepsia, stupor, agony and nightmare, are in American digesters made the bases of corners, trusts and financial triumphs. This wonderful result is the product of long and painful years of education, training, selection and patent medicine.

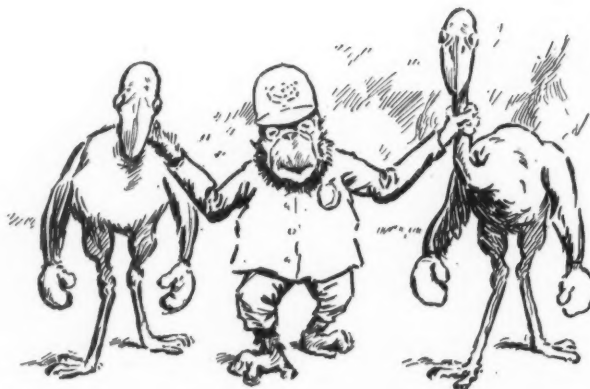
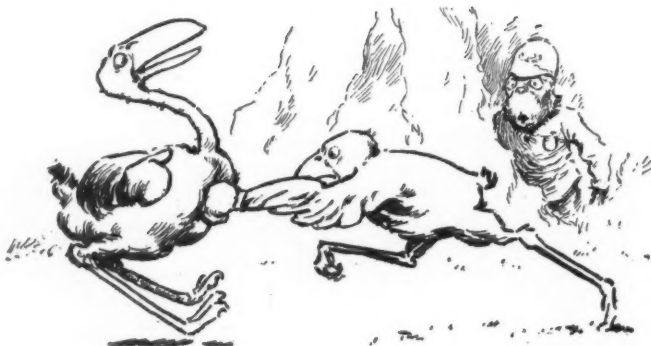
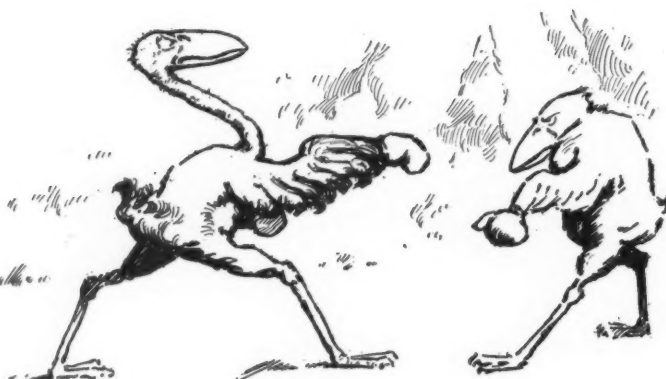
The French, with the pertinacious perversity of the race, invented the science of cuisine to make any food suit the stomach; the dogged, unyielding American has reversed this method and made the stomach suit anything deposited there. The American prophet has said, "Go to the Ostrich, thou Glutton!" And to approximate the ostrich, to give the stomach the digestive speed and perfection of the locomotive firebox, has been the aim and ideal of the American.

Those noble American *bon bouches*, the saleratus biscuit of the Sunny South and the meat pie of the pious North, are possible only on this Continent. Tried in the furnaces of ocean steamers and the interior of Harlem goats, they have produced disaster; yet inserted beneath the American waistcoat, with a soothing accompaniment of pump water—frappé—they have aided in raising the standard of civilization and spreading the missionary cause. No intelligent heathen will dine off a pie-fed missionary; no savage population can resist the fervid eloquence of a man inflamed with saleratus biscuit. That noble adjunct of American commerce—the quick-lunch counter—was not possible in the simple days of the American Republic; the American digestion was not ready for it, but the Anglo-Saxon germ was already there. To-day the grim old business man, worn with the cares of spoiling his neighbors, walks resolutely to the rapid-firing lunch room, thrusts a section of pie and a marble-top sandwich into his stern, Puritan mouth, drops a quarter in the slot, and departs with a hard-boiled egg in each hand, and gets back in time to business to wreck a railroad. Time, three minutes, thirteen seconds.

The American stomachic statistics are interesting, instructive, profitable. In 1841 two million tradesmen and merchants wasted two hours daily for three hundred days in the year at lunch, a loss of one billion two hundred million dollars, if time is estimated at one dollar an hour. To-day twenty-five million business men feed at midday, and if the same waste went on at union rates—five dollars per hour—we should have the appalling loss of thirty-seven billion five hundred million dollars, a sum sufficient to buy out Tammany, convert the heathen, finance the political parties, pay all the plumbers' bills of the Republic, and buy a spine for the President.

Professor McBane of Yale has been studying the relations of speed, food, mastication and digestion. He finds mastication superfluous. The average lunch at a Maxim quick-firing feed joint consists of one corrugated egg, one hard-shell pie, one rubber roll and three ounces of artificial beef. This was fed to an ostrich and three men from New York, Boston and Chicago, respectively. The

A DUEL POSTPONED.





Yale professor used a stop-watch and a pedometer, with these results:

	Time in eating.	Time in digesting.
New York....	3 min. 5 sec.	4 hrs. 28 min.
Boston.....	2 " 47 "	4 " 34 "
Chicago.....	28 "	Instantaneous.
Ostrich.....	4 "	3 wks. 2½ ays.

These figures are eloquent. With the patent Edison feeder better time can be made, for a man has only to put his face to a pneumatic tube and ring a bell; the lunch room does the rest.

Joseph Smith.

PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL, 18th May, 1900.
TO THE EDITOR NEW YORK LIFE.

Dear Sir: I should like to bring before your notice the manner in which the Dutch are treated in Natal at the present moment.

On the receipt of the news of the relief of Ladysmith the Transvaal flag was spread in the mud and "rickshas" drawn by Kafirs were run over it. The Dutch church was broken into and panes of glass were smashed and an effigy of President Kruger was burnt in the market square.

In consequence of such a state of affairs existing, it is only necessary to hint at so and so being disloyal, for that person to be immediately apprehended and imprisoned probably for months without trial, and as a natural sequence that person's property immediately confiscated and disposed of by public auction.

It has been ascertained that in most cases suspected Dutch farmers were arrested on the mere statements of natives (than whom there is no more untruthful people). These natives are invariably debtors to the accused and seek to escape their liability by such means.

Dutch men and women arrested and imprisoned as suspects are of the highest respectability and have to submit to the greatest insults. The following means and methods are typical, viz.:

- (a) Lengthy imprisonment without trial.
- (b) Confiscation of property without trial.
- (c) Lodgment in gaols infested with loathsome vermin.
- (d) Herding of suspects with Kafir and coolie convicts.
- (e) Driving men under arrest along on foot, and unconscionably long distances (as much as forty-eight miles).
- (f) Desecration and defilement of places of worship (viz: Breaking into the Dutch Reform Church at Maritzburg and stabling horses and breaking up articles in the Dutch Church at Weenen).
- (g) Arrest and imprisonment of ministers of the Gospel.
- (h) Wholesale thieving in the name of loyalty.
- (i) Turning men adrift homeless and penniless after lengthy imprisonment and confiscation of property without trial.
- (j) Conviction without fair trial.
- (k) Compelling accused persons to sleep on cement flooring for months without bedding, except a blanket.
- (l) Compelling them to devour their prison or convict fare after the manner of savages, no cutlery being provided them.
- (m) Serving their food to them in the tin plates and pannikins used by coolie and Kafir convicts.
- (n) Prohibiting them to see relations or friends.
- (o) Confiscation or retention of correspondence through the post.
- (p) By mobbing, hooting and insulting the Dutch at their houses.

Yours faithfully,

T. HANNA,

Hon. Sec. Natal Conciliation Committee.

Questionable Taste.

THE Yale Alumni Weekly has a picture of a new mausoleum which is being put up at New Haven for a new Yale society, the Book and Snake. It is a nice tomb, in the form of a Greek temple without windows. It looks well, unquestionably, but why

should the Yale societies persist in living in tombs? They can probably stand as much sunlight as other socio-political organizations, and the affectation of mystery which the solid walls of their club houses suggest inclines grown-up persons to merriment. Moreover, it is easier to understand why the old clubs should stick to their gloomy halls than why a new club should pattern after them. It seems a pity that so disadvantageous a fashion should hold its vogue.

The Woman in the Case.

SCENE: *The Bluebottle Links.*

CLEVERTON: Want to go around, old man?

DASHAWAY: Thanks, but I expect some friends. Whittler and his wife.

CLEVERTON: Oh, yes. He plays, doesn't he?

DASHAWAY: Yes, a fair game. But she doesn't, thank heaven.

CLEVERTON: I was wondering about that.

DASHAWAY: No, sir. I am too old a bird to ask a man and his wife when they both play. No woman in it for me! I'll introduce her to some people, and she can sit on the club piazza until luncheon.

CLEVERTON: Good. Here comes some one now. Well, I'm going to drive off.

DASHAWAY: Good luck. Here they are. Good morning, Mrs. Whittler. Delighted to see you. How are you, old man? So glad you could come.

WHITTLES: And I'm mighty glad to get here. Fine place you have.

MRS. WHITTLES (*shaking hands cor-*





THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

"Let's have anoizzer."

dially): So good of you to ask us, you know.

DASHAWAY: My pleasure, I assure you. Hallo, old man, what you got so many clubs for? Why, half of them are new.

MRS. WHITTLES: That's my secret. Mr. Dashaway, will you believe it, I'm learning to play.

DASHAWAY (*heartsick*): You don't say so?

MRS. WHITTLES: Yes, indeed. I went around last week with a set of borrowed sticks—excuse me, *clubs*—and I have been playing more or less ever since. I am just crazy over the game.

WHITTLES: I told my wife I thought it was an imposition on you for both of us to play to-day, but—

DASHAWAY (*bravely protesting*): Nonsense! I'm delighted to think Mrs. Whittles has started in. It will do her lots of good.

MRS. WHITTLES: There, Jerry. What did I tell you? I just knew Mr. Dashaway would like to have me play. All men are not so selfish as you are. But can't we begin now? I am so impatient.

DASHAWAY: Certainly. Here, boy. You caddie for this lady, and you two for us men. You drive off, Mrs. Whittles.

MRS. WHITTLES: Oh, dear, I'm so nervous. You make a tee for me, will you, dear?

DASHAWAY (*gallantly stepping forward*): Allow me.

MRS. WHITTLES: Thanks. Now, I—Everybody says you are such a good player, Mr. Dashaway. I do hope you'll show me. I expect to learn so much.

DASHAWAY: Don't be nervous. Just stand easily and naturally and keep your eye on the ball.

Mrs. Whittles, after several fidgety attempts, brings her club down on the ball like a hammer, and it rolls off sideways into the bunker.

MRS. WHITTLES: Oh, dear. I just knew I would do that.

DASHAWAY: Never mind. Take it over again. Caddie, throw that ball back. (*Aside to Whittles*) While we are waiting, old man, will you have something?

WHITTLES (*brightening up*): Why, I



"A large, refreshing drink."

don't mind. My dear, take a few practice drives. We'll be back in a few moments. (*To Dashaway*) My dear boy, I'm afraid this is a good deal of an imposition on you. The little woman is so interested in the game that I couldn't refuse to let her play without offending her.

DASHAWAY: Of course you couldn't. I understand. Don't concern yourself, old man.

Each takes a large, refreshing drink of good old Scotch whiskey, and they return to the tee. Mrs. Whittles has just driven her ball into the first bunker for the seventeenth time.

WHITTLES (*calling out*): Stay there, my dear, and we'll help you over (*steps up and makes a hundred-yard drive. Dashaway follows with one of a hundred and fifty*).

MRS. WHITTLES: Isn't this tantalizing?

DASHAWAY: Let me show you. Hold the club sideways. Hit it well under. Try again (*ball finally rolls over bunker*).

MRS. WHITTLES: Now, what stick would you advise?

DASHAWAY: Try this cleek. Just try to hit the ball. That's the first thing.

MRS. WHITTLES (*fanning the air*): Isn't it awful? I am afraid I am keeping you.

DASHAWAY (*with deep meaning*): What an idea! We are in no hurry.

WHITTLES: Keep cool, dear.

MRS. WHITTLES (*sending the ball about three feet*): Oh, dear. You'd better sit down and wait for me.

DASHAWAY: Oh, no, we won't do that. But I think I see a friend in the club house. Come on, old man, I want to introduce you. If you'll excuse us, we'll be back in a moment. Just keep right on.

MRS. WHITTLES (*absorbed in the game*): Certainly. I'll take that over. Caddie, please put it in a real nice place for me.

Whittles and Dashaway repair once more to the club house, where they take several drinks of good old Scotch. At the end of half an hour they stagger out on the course and dimly discover Mrs. Whittles in the distance, making desperate efforts to putt into the first hole.

MRS. WHITTLES (*as they approach*): Where on earth have you been? Do you know (*still absorbed in her game*) I am really doing better.

DASHAWAY: Let me show you (*tries to hit ball*).

WHITTLES (*grabbing club away from him*): Here! You can't play!

MRS. WHITTLES: Why! Oh! What is the matter? Oh, you horrid, low men! Disgraceful! You've been drinking!

She hurries away from them in high dudgeon, and walks back to the club house on the verge of nervous prostration.

DASHAWAY (*leaning up against a stone wall*): 'F I had a wife that played a game like that, I'd be full all the time.

WHITTLES: 'F I hadn't been drinking, 'n' you should say a thing like that, I'd knock you down, but as we both hit 'em up pretty lively, I can only say, old man, that I agree with you. Let's have another.

THE NEXT MORNING.

MRS. WHITTLES: I want you to promise me that you will never take another drop.

WHITTLES: On one condition.

MRS. WHITTLES: What's that?

WHITTLES: That you'll never again try to play golf with any friend of mine.

Tom Masson.



BRYAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be
For Towne,
That is the question.
If I should squint,
Or nod,
Or give consent by word or sign,
Or turn one bimetallic smile
Upon these Pops,
Or wink approvingly
Or say a word, or write a line
To this man they have named,
Or stoop to recognize
The prostrate form of Populism
That lays its life down at my feet,
The Bourbon hate that hates a Pop
As hell hates holy water
Would turn upon me
With a blasting curse
Or if I scorn these "poor relations,"
These whiskered pandors of the West,
They'll knife me at the polls,
And so I must be motionless,
And speechless (Oh, ye Gods!),
And sit like a painted dummy,
A decoy,
Floating upon the waves,
As if in life, yet motionless,
To draw this Populism
Fluttering to its death.
I owe these Western farmers much.
They stood about me like a wall
In 'ninety-six.
They stretched their larynxes

And cheered and sweat,
While Tammany stood aloof and held its nose,
And looked at me with cold contempt.
But,
No matter
Politics is a game.
The farm farmer is the fool
That must be fooled this year.
He sits, good honest soul
Within his quiet home
And dreams of some sweet time
When a dollar can be made
From fifty cents,
A time which this deluded chump
Will never see.
And so, I sit, these several weeks,
In silence;
(O Lord! What a task!)
While every whiskered Pop
Upon the wind-swept plains
Of bleeding Kansas,
Holds his ear down to the ground
And listens for the friendly word
That never will be spoken.

— J. W. Johnson in Nebraska State Journal.

SYNEX: You profess to be a devoted believer in Christian Science, but I noticed that when you had a tooth extracted the other day you took gas.

MENTOR: I took the gas, not because there is such a thing as pain, but from fear that I might be led into thinking that there was in the excitement of the moment.

— Boston Transcript.

Nor long ago the New York State newspaper men gave a banquet at Stanwix Hall in Albany, and among the guests of honor were ex-Governor David B. Hill and Governor Theodore Roosevelt.

The latter entered the hall first, wearing an evening suit and his famous brown *sombrero*, made famous by the Rough Riders. It was a combination costume at once original and picturesque.

Among the last of the guests to arrive was Mr. Hill, who was conventionally attired, even to his silk hat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt, in his peculiar *staccato* manner, as he grasped Mr. Hill's hand, "now we have with us a real Albany swell. Governor Hill is the only man here to night with a silk hat."

"I've got a slouch hat myself," returned Mr. Hill, softly, "but I left it at home. I've given up wearing it since I went out of the advertising business." — *Argonaut*.

DURING the jubilation over the relief of Mafeking, a humorous policeman was asked in the thick of the crowd by a harassed pedestrian to tell him the nearest way to Charing Cross Hospital.

"Call for 'three cheers for Kruger,'" responded the genial guardian of the peace, "and you'll be there in no time." — *The Londoner*.

MR. TUCKER, who sometimes goes gunning, was trying to teach Tommy the meaning of the word "brace" as applied to game.

"Now, Tommy," he said, "if you should go hunting and kill twenty pheasants, for instance, how many would you say you had bagged?"

"Fifty," replied Tommy. — *Chicago Tribune*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Original

Through an original process, from an original purpose

Hunter Whiskey

is perfected to a quality in
AGE, PURITY, FLAVOR,
of a superlative standard

It copies nothing and never disappoints.
It is uniform and satisfies.
It is the perfection of aroma and taste.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

BEAUTIFUL BUST



Guaranteed
CORSIQUE positively fills out
all hollow and scrawny places,
develops and adds perfect
shape to the whole form
wherever deficient.

**GUARANTEED TO
DEVELOP ANY BUST
or Money Refunded.**

Corsique enlarges bust 6
inches. It is the Original
French Form and Bust
Developer and NEVER
FAILS. Booklet mailed
FREE, showing a per-
fectly developed form, with
full instructions how to be-
come beautiful. Write to-day
or call and see demonstration.

MADAME TAVIS TOILET CO. Dept. B.X., 369 N. 63d St., Chicago Ill



Why
Take Chances

When you can be
sure of it?

OLD OVERHOLT

"Bottled in Bond"
direct from the barrel
at the distillery.

A. OVERHOLT & Co.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Powder for the Feet.

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

sent by mail. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

(Mention this magazine)

"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—*Utica Herald*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."



Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

A pure whiskey aged by time, mellow and palatable is not easy to find. That is why connoisseurs have learned to ask for Trimble Green Label Whiskey.

We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phil. and N. Y., Sole Proprietors. Established 1793.

ADIRONDACKS.
WAWBEEK, ON UPPER SARANAC LAKE.
Open June to October.
Pure Spring Drinking Water.
INDIAN CARRY GOLF LINKS.
For booklet address J. BEN HART, Proprietor,
Wawbeek, Franklin Co., N. Y.

If you're looking for a cure
Which is pleasant, safe and sure,
For the misery in your stomach or your head,
Take that remedy, far famed,
"Ripans Tabules" quaintly named,
"Bless the man who makes them,"
Sufferers long have said.

Sozodont

Toothache, that "hell of all diseases," is avoided by using SOZODONT regularly. Dentists have prescribed it for over forty years.

25c.; 75c. P. O. Box 247, N. Y. City.

Sozodont
TEETH & BREATH


Redmond, Kerr & Co.

BANKERS,
41 WALL ST., N. Y.
Members
N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Transact a general banking business. Receive deposits subject to draft, Dividends and interest collected and remitted. Act as Fiscal Agent for and negotiate and issue loans of railroads, street railways, gas companies, etc. Securities bought and sold on commission.
DEAL IN High-Grade Investment Securities. Lists of current offerings sent on application.
PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENTS,
GRAHAM, KERR & CO.

**WE
PAY
POST-
AGE.**

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



DULUTH * SAULT STE. MARIE * MACKINAC * DETROIT * CLEVELAND * BUFFALO *

**IN ALL THE WORLD
NO TRIP LIKE THIS**

The Stars are inviting you
to take a trip on the monster palace steamships
NORTH-WEST or NORTH-LAND
operated by the
NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY
Tell us how much time you can devote to an outing and we will suggest a trip and send you printed matter. Correspondence solicited. Address
W. C. Farrington, Vice-President. W. M. Lowrie, Gen. Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

"No," said the manager of the provincial theatre, "I don't think we can stand another 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' this year."

"But this is something new," protested the manager of the company; "we've brought it up to date."

"Oh, I guess we've had all the variations of it here," asserted the manager of the theatre.

"No, you haven't," persisted the manager of the company; "we do away with the bloodhounds entirely, and have Eliza chased with an automobile." — *Chicago Post*.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSE.

With telephone service you can reach everyone you want in a few seconds. It puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends day and night. It may be had in Manhattan for \$60 a year. New York Telephone Company, 111 West 38th St., 15 Dey St.

"SHALL I charge up the amount the cashier skipped with to profit and loss?" queried the bookkeeper.

"No," replied the head of the firm, "put it down under running expenses." — *Philadelphia Record*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent or transient guests.

When Senator Hoar of Massachusetts was recently asked what he had been reading of late, he replied:

"For serious work, 'David Harum'; for light reading and amusement, I've been going through Gibbon again."

— *Argonaut*.

MOTHERS AND BABIES.

The cord of a mother's affection is wound around her baby. She loves to nurse it, to hear its coo and prattle, and to care for its needs and comfort. There is nothing the mother enjoys more than her baby. She loves to attend to its frequent baths, and usually the babe seems to enjoy them too. The frolic assists the tonic effect, and the babe comes out of the bath as sweet as sweet can be.

And not only the baby, but the child, the full grown and the aged all enjoy the bath; but what soap should be used best suited to the delicate organization of the skin? What soap is freest from the alkali which bites, the freest from impurity? What soap is the most perfect requisite for the health of the human skin, the soap which softens and has a fascinating charm? That soap is Pears', the great English soap, a pure soap that has outlived competition; and which is unrivalled in the favor of civilization to-day. It has earned its enduring reputation through a lapse of over one hundred years. Mothers not already acquainted with Pears' soap should make no mistake; they should ask for Pears' at their druggists, and be sure they get it.

ONCE, when C. H. Spurgeon fell down a marble staircase at Mentone, he turned a double somersault, in the course of which some money fell from his pocket into his Wellington boots. Having lost a tooth or teeth in his descent, he humorously described the whole transaction as "painless dentistry with money to boot!" — *Argonaut*.

REFRESHING — Nourishing — Satisfying. The verdict given Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry, by connoisseurs.

SMITHERS: May I pat your darling little puggy, Miss Marianne, and caress it?

MISS M.: I have no objections, Mr. Smithers, if you are sure you have no fleas. — *Cornwall (N. Y.) S. hookmaster*.



OSCAR'S SAUCE

"As served at the Waldorf Astoria."

For a jaded appetite. Try it on a hot day.

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak.

The highest achievement in Pocket Photography is marked by the introduction of the

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak



Makes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches and GOES IN THE POCKET.

The No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodaks are made of aluminum, covered with fine morocco, have the finest Rapid Rectilinear lenses, automatic shutters, sets of three stops, scales for focusing, tripod sockets for horizontal exposures and brilliant view finders (reversible) with metal light shields. Load in daylight with Eastman's Film Cartridges for two, six or twelve exposures.

Price, \$17.50.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.



Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines
Perfection
of Quality
with
Absolute
Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.

5%

Annual Income
Guaranteed for
Twenty Years is a
feature of the new

5%

Gold

Bond

issued by

Policy

The Prudential

Rates Low
Protection Absolute
Investment Unexcelled

Issued in amounts from
\$5,000 to \$100,000

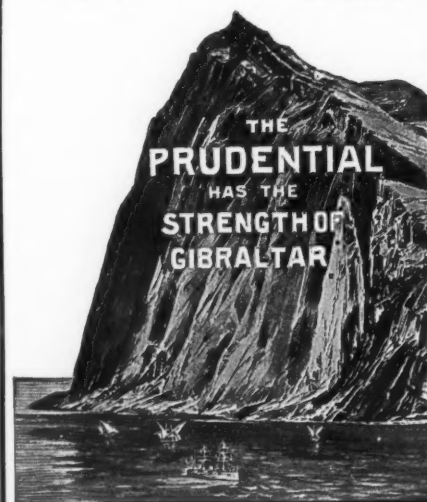
on the Whole Life
Limited Payment or
Endowment Plan.

Write for particulars. Address Dept. O.

THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President

HOME OFFICE:
Newark, N. J.



Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these
KEELEY INSTITUTES.
Communications confidential.
Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.



Willie Frog: HURRY UP, FELLOWS—SOME ONE HAS LOST THEIR LUNCH-BOX.

HAVE YOU TRIED KREMETTE

All lovers of good living will find in this article a delicious and palatable addition to their dinner or evening entertainment. A little "Kremette," added to a punch-glass of vanilla ice cream, will give you the successor to the Roman Punch. If you want something distinctly new, serve your guests with "Kremette Punch."

For Sale by All Grocers.
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Sole Props.
Hartford, Conn. New York, N.Y.

The Washington of Whiskies.

HONEST, TRUTHFUL,
RELIABLE,

Old Crow Rye.

Tens of thousands can testify to the truth of this.

H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y.



Old English CURVE CUT Pipe Tobacco

YACHTSMEN are enthusiastic about Old English Curve-Cut Pipe Tobacco—because it is always in perfect condition for smoking. The curved tin box, which is practically air tight, prevents the salt air and dampness from spoiling the tobacco.

For Sale Everywhere Where Tobacco is Sold.

SEN-SEN

A Dainty TOILET NECESSITY.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY.

LEADAM'S SHOE TREES

keep your shoes in perfect shape. Prevent wrinkling, toeing up and curling. Light and easy to use.

Shoes dampened by perspiration or water do not shrivel up in drying when Leadam's Trees are used.

All sizes and styles for men and women.

To be had of your shoe dealer or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.25. Send size and style of shoe.

LIONEL H. LEADAM,
Send for pamphlets: 79 Wall St., New York.



The Call

from everywhere for Whitman's Chocolates and Confections, evinces the high appreciation of candy connoisseurs for these most delicious dainties.

Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

represent the highest attainment of confectionery art. Original and exquisite creations, most temptingly prepared. Always fresh. Call for them at your dealers.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

Low Rates West

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

ON July 9th, 17th, and August 1st the following rates will be made from Chicago for round trip, tickets good returning until October 31st:

Denver and return	\$31.50
Colorado Springs and return	31.50
Pueblo and return	31.50
Glenwood Springs and return	43.50
Salt Lake City and return	44.50
Ogden and return	44.50
Deadwood, S. D., and return	33.55
Hot Springs, S. D., and return	29.55

Particulars of any agent, or call at

461 Broadway, - New York 435 Vine St., - Cincinnati
601 Ches't St., Philadelphia 507 Smith'id St., Pittsburg
368 Washington St., Boston 234 Superior St., Cleveland
301 Main St., - Buffalo 17 Campus-Martius, Detroit
212 Clark St., - Chicago 2 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

Ladies, at luncheon parties and at all home-meals, will find a delicacy of flavor in all dishes savored with this sauce—for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

SIGNATURE on every bottle.

Lea & Perrins

John Duneans Sons Agents - New York.

Pears' Soap



Within the reach of Everybody

All sorts of stores sell it—

All sorts of people use it.

20 Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

All rights secured.

PRESS OF THE J. W. PRATT CO., NEW YORK.